

## Figuring It Out

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## Figuring It Out

by Anonymous

### Summary

"No, I'm not letting you anywhere near my ass ever again, Minx." Schlatt growled at her. "I can't even sit properly on the fucking kitchen chair, let alone a bed!"

Minx only cackled at his despair. "Really, now? You weren't saying the same thing last night, if I recall."

### Notes

please note that none of my works is the actual irl streamers, im imagining their minecraft characters they rp as in these works.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Chapter 1

"No, I'm not letting you anywhere near my ass ever again, Minx." Schlatt growled at her. "I can't even sit properly on the fucking kitchen chair, let alone a bed!"

Minx only cackled at his despair. "Really, now? You weren't saying the same thing last night, if I recall."

"You and I have very different memories of what happened last night." Schlatt shoots back. Minx is about to make another snarky comment when Wilbur hits her over the head with a newspaper. Schlatt laughs when she looks at her taller boyfriend in shock, but then gives an offended glare when Wilbur does the same to him.

"Hey! What was that for?" Schlatt says.

"I'm trying to have a peaceful morning for once, love." Wilbur adds the last part, just to watch the beautiful flush of pink appear on his face.

"Oh, you shut up!" He complains, and Wilbur only chuckles. He hides his face into his coffee, taking small sips. No need to burn his tongue, after all.

"Why would I ever want to if it means your stunning eyes will gaze into mine?" The musician flirts right back.

Schlatt's face goes a wonderful ruby red, from the tips of his ears down to his shoulders, and Minx is laughing harder now.

"You're so cute when you blush, you know that?" Minx adds on. Schlatt can only roll his eyes in annoyance.

"Yeah yeah, I love you too. Now stop fishing for compliments." He replies, but there's nothing but affection in his eyes when he looks at her.

Niki walks in with Wilbur's precious shark plush a sleepy smile on her face, and she's cradling a huge Schlatt-ram plush in her arms. Even though she's got a messy bedhead and bags underneath her eyes, she looks as beautiful as always.

"Morning." She murmurs sleepy, and Minx rushes over to sweep her girlfriend in her arms.

"Good morning Niki, did you sleep alright?" The older woman questions.

"Mhm." She stands on her tip-toes, pressing a soft kiss to Minx's cheek. "I heard arguing, and I was worried about you three. I don't like it when you guys fight. Makes me upset."

"It's alright baby. None of us were bitching to each other, just having our usual banter." Minx reassures her.

Wilbur looks at the younger women in concern. "Niki, I think you should take a nap today, you were up until four in the morning streaming with Eret after all."

"Maybe." Minx lets go of Niki and takes a seat besides Wilbur, stealing his bagel. Niki shuffles over to where Wilbur is seated, pressing a kiss to his cheek as well. "You're so cute."

"Niki!" Wilbur's face becomes flustered after his brain comprehends the compliment, hiding his face in his hands. "You can't just say that!"

"But it's true!" She giggles. "You're very cute."

Schlatt laughs, going around the kitchen island to kiss Niki himself. He rests his head on her shoulder, wrapping her in a hug from behind. "How about we make you breakfast in bed, sweetheart?"

"But -"

"No butts! We are going to make you breakfast, and you're going to get rest." Schlatt leaves no room for argument.

“Okay.” She says softly, heart swelling up with so much love, that she hides her wide grin in the plush.

## Date Night

### Chapter Summary

In which the four of them go on a date, and meet surprisingly familiar faces.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Schlatt!" Niki pushes away his grabby hands. "You're supposed to be getting ready as well!"

"But I don't wanna! I want to stay home and cuddle with you and the two brats!" Schlatt argues, crossing his arms and making something that resembles a pout.

"Call me a brat again and I'll make sure to put you in your place." Minx threatens, fixing the straps of her outfit. It's a beautiful amethyst peplum shirt, complicating her frame and hair well. "Can one of you tie the back for me?"

"I got you, sweetheart." Schlatt states. He moves over to the corner of the room with the large DIY mirror the girls had installed. With quick fingers, he ties the loose straps together into a nice small bow in the back of her neck. His hands run over her bare shoulders affectionately, before scattering kisses all over. Minx laughs, heart swelling up with nothing but love as she tries to push him away to get him ready. "God, my girls look so beautiful tonight. Are you two sure you aren't celebrities in Hollywood? I bet you're both related to the Kardashians."

A pretty pink blush appears on Niki's face, eyes fluttering to stare at anything but her partners. "Stop being so charming."

"I can't. How do you think Wilbur fell for me? Nobody could resist my temptation." Schlatt grins.

"Yay or nay?" Wilbur comes into the room, a crisp pink dress shirt with a black trench coat and jeans, a fresh pair of Vans on his feet.

"Oh, turn around for me?" Minx questions, and Wilbur rolls his eyes but complies anyway. "That won't do, I can't slap your ass whenever I feel like it."

“Minx!” Wilbur hides his face in the palms of his hand. “You can’t just say things like that!”

Niki giggles mischievously. “I’m very disappointed that I can’t hit you behind whenever I please as well.”

“Not you too Niki-” Wilbur’s ears turn a fierce shade of red as Schlatt cackles.

“You’re so cute when you’re blushing, british boy.” The older woman teases more, tying her purple hair into a messy bun. “Can you please tell Jonathan to get ready?”

“Hey! Why are you first naming me!” He replies, but makes his way to the closet and shuffles through the clothing, pulling out a white shirt and varsity jacket and sliding it on. “See? I don’t even need to put on such complex clothing unlike you three just to get ready.”

“You look sexy in everything, Schlatt, we get it.” Wilbur responds, looking at his watch. “Come on now, we’re going to be late.”

“Where are we heading off too anyways?” Minx questions, Niki humming in agreement.

“You’ll see. We’ve been planning this for weeks.” Wilbur winks.

“We?” Schlatt repeats. “You mean yourself, I had nothing to do with those evil plans in your head.”

“Like I said, you’ll see.”

---

Coming out of the train station, the sun was ready to sleep, and so we’re Niki’s feet. Wilbur assured the three of them that it wouldn’t be much longer, just around the corner now. A large movie theater sat there, a line of people standing outside waiting to get their tickets to head inside.

“Did you really just -” Schlatt sighed. “Wilbur, we could’ve just watched movies at home, you know.”

“Where’s the fun in that when you could do it with friends?” Someone popped up behind Schlatt, grabbing his shoulders firmly. Schlatt screamed, turning around to see Dream standing there with a wide grin on his face.

“DREAM?” Schlatt screams, and Dream quickly covers his mouth.

“Shush! I don’t need photos of me leaking out to the internet, remember?” Dream states.

Schlatt pushes away his hand. “They don’t even know what you look like!”

“But they know what we look like.” George steps out of the movie theater, with Sapnap and Karl right behind him.

“KARL!” Niki gasps.

“NIKI!” Karl runs towards her in excitement, wrapping his arms around her tightly. He swings her around once, before dropping her on the ground. “NIKI - HI!”

“HI!” She’s got the biggest grin on her face, looking at her friend in disbelief. “What are you doing here, in the UK?”

“I’m here with my boyfriends -” He looks back at Wilbur and Minx talking happily with George, while Dream and Sapnap tease Schlatt playfully. “For eight days. I have to head back to America early because I’m needed in a new video with Jimmy in Hawaii.”

“Can’t you just stay with me, then?” Niki hugs him tighter.

Karl laughs softly, pressing a kiss to her hair. “I wish I could. But sadly, we have jobs.”

“Well...is our house in California almost finished?” She whispers.

“Yeah!” Karl whispers back. “It’s going to be so awesome when it is.”

“Bark at me again and I swear to god I will bark at you back.” Schlatt threatens Sapnap, who is grinning like an idiot.

“*Bark* .” Sapnap states. Schlatt attempts to punch him and he ducks behind Dream, using his boyfriend as a shield. “Dream! Schlatt’s hitting me!”

Dream chuckles. “Do you want me to protect you from the big scary man?”

“Hell yeah you better protect him from the *big scary man* .” Schlatt replies.

“It’s good to see you again, George.” Wilbur gives George a tight hug, the shorter male reciprocating the action. Minx can only grin her cheshire cat grin as George hugs her as well.

“Oh, just imagine what the fans would think if they saw us now.” Minx jokes. “George and Minx - finally dating?”

“We would be trending for the next week.” The corners of his mouth turn upward. “But I’m going to have to decline your offer, I’ve already got three very beautiful partners.”

“As if I would ever want to date you when I’ve got three of my own.” She interwines her finger’s with Wilbur’s, a soft smile on her face.

“Come on, I’m sure our movie starts soon.” Wilbur says as he looks at the small LED screen above the ticket booth. “And I know how long it takes Schlatt to order.”

“Hey! I heard that!”

“I wasn’t exactly whispering it, love.”

## Chapter End Notes

i got burnout for this chapter and i am sorry -

honestly if you want more just tell me ill do it!! i was honestly attempting for a carnival ride after and then breaking into wilbur's highschool or something and skinny dipping into the pool i dont know irene im sorry for making a crappy chapter

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twitter (please talk to me I am lonely) - [@homiesexualmcyt](#)

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## being a bother

### Chapter Summary

minx has been added to this chapter <3

### Chapter Notes

i just wanted to post something today

if anything, if you all are keeping up with my existence - a youtuber dude leaked my  
@ and i've had people telling to to commit non-existence so uh yeah society is  
EXHAUSTING BUT HECK SLAM MY HEAD INTO A WALL WOO I DID SOME  
WRITING IM PROUD OF MYSELF

also if you want a 5th part you need to give me ideas on what this ot4 can do together i  
am BLANK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Schlatt was the only one that wasn't streaming late tonight.

His other three partners, however, we're busy with their own respective streams. Minx was on yet another Love Or Host, providing her chaotic entertainment for Austin's stream as per usual. Wilbur was doing a 'you laugh you lose' with Dream, hearing the deflated wheezes from the kitchen. He sat behind the camera Niki put on the kitchen isle, holding a baking stream for her fans, which were going wild over it.

Schlatt considered bothering Quackity and let them stream for about an hour or two, but then remembered that he had an upcoming exam that he absolutely needed to study for. So that was out of the question.

Maybe Carson was free? He checked his phone, and sighed. It was 11:30 pm, which meant he was probably asleep at the moment. Schlatt could always crash Austin's Love Or Host, but he didn't even know who was being hosted on the show at the moment.

A small ping came from the donation chat, a monotone voice asking Niki: *Are you dating anyone right now?*

Schlatt held back a laugh as Niki's eyes went wide, the tips of her ears turning pink. She turned towards the camera with a wide grin, tucking her hair behind her ear. To the viewers, it looked as though she was looking right at them, when in reality, she was looking at Schlatt with affection in her eyes.

"Um - I'm not dating anyone at the moment, but I think I'll consider dating someone in the future." She states, using a rolling pin to roll out her dough.

Another donation ping. *Will you date me, Nihachu?*

Jealousy rises up in Schlatt, and he quickly gets into frame, poking a finger into the cupcake batter. Niki is quick to bat his hand away, attempting to push him out of the frame, but he makes no effort to move, standing his ground.

"Schlatt!" Niki shouts, laughter in her voice. "You're interrupting my cooking stream!"

"Damn straight I am." He grins proudly.

"You have to go - I need to finish my baking!" Niki states, pointing to the assortment of cooking utensils, dough, and batter just waiting to be put into the oven.

"But that's so much work." Schlatt pouts. "Can't I just help you cook?"

Niki copies his stance, glaring at him. "Are you really going to help me cook or are you just going to steal the cookies when they're finished?"

"Aw, you caught me." He states, before reaching out and snatching a bag of chocolate chips from the counter. Schlatt makes a dash out of the kitchen, through the dining room and into their living room. He stands in front of the television holding the chocolate chips above his head and out of her reach.

He chuckles when she attempts to jump and get it from his hands, failing horribly. "Schlatt! Give

it! I need to put it in the cookie batter!"

Schlatt's voice drops to a near whisper, not wanting the mic in the kitchen to pick up on what he's saying. "I'll give it to you if you kiss me."

"Well, I think that's a fair trade." Niki whispers back. She stands on her tip-toes, pressing a soft kiss to Schlatt's lips. Her arms hook around his neck to keep herself steady, and Schlatt grips her waist tightly as he draws her closer.

He tilts his head to deepen the kiss, eagerly nipping on her bottom lip. Animalistic urges of simply claiming what simply belongs to him takes over his system and he has to pull away. Niki takes that as an opportunity to grab back the chocolate chips, giggling happily. Schlatt makes a mock-surprise expression.

Niki presses a final kiss to his cheek. "I'll let you mark me later, okay?"

---

"Mhm. It's a promise, sweetheart."

Schlatt decided to head to Wilbur's room, carefully opening his bedroom door and peaking through the slit.

Wilbur seemed to be having the time of his life, wheezing through what apparently was another mediashare sent to him. He sighs, about to head to sleep when an idea pops in his head.

Schlatt heads back to his own room that he uses to record in, opening up twitch and pulling up Wilbur's stream. His boyfriend looks absolutely lovely as usual, his eyes watery and grin wide from all the hilarious videos sent to him. He logs onto discord and requests to voice chat with Wilbur.

Wilbur raises an eyebrow in confusion, declining the call and sending him a message.

*wilbursoot: everything alright, schlatt?*

*schlatt: answer my vc?*

Schlatt calls once more, and Wilbur turns to smile at his chat. “Schlatt wants to come onto teamspeak with me. Do you want him on the stream or no?”

He can only smile when he sees the sudden flood of yes’s and excited comments of approval. Wilbur presses the green caller icon, waiting for a few moments. “Schla-”

Schlatt moves his microphone close to the desk, banging his hand on it as loudly as possible. It was one of his favorite ways to torture Wilbur’s existence, after all. Not to mention the chat loved when he harassed him - in a playful way, of course. A few moments pass by, looking at Wilbur questioning his existence and the chat laughing their ass off.

“Wilbur?” Schlatt asks. Wilbur carefully plugs his earbuds back in disappointment, looking directly at the camera.

“I hate you, Schlatt.” Wilbur states.

“Mhm.” He hums. “The feeling is mutual.”

Schlatt bangs his hand onto the table a few more times for emphasis, and Wilbur throws his headphones off and onto the table, leaving his room. He beams at his accomplishment, muting his mic the moment Wilbur barges into his room, door nearly flying off its hinges. Spinning his chair around, he meets his boyfriend’s dark gaze.

“What’s wrong, Wilbur?” He puts on an innocent smile.

“You’re just asking to be punished, aren’t you?” Wilbur slowly makes his way towards Schlatt, standing in front of him with a dark grin of his face. “Is that why you’ve attempted to aggravate me?”

“Me?” Schlatt chuckles. “Never.”

The british slides a hand through Schlatt’s hair, getting a firm grip before yanking it back. Wilbur’s

lustful eyes raked over his body, before pulling him closer and kissing him hungrily. A hand slides up his thigh, making him part open his legs. Fingers drift across the bulge of his jeans, carefully unbuttoning his pants and pulling the zipper teasingly. He can feel the heat pool down into his stomach, thinking of all the dirty stunts they could pull off while Wilbur was still live. -

And like the bitch Wilbur is, he pulls away, leaving a final kiss on his cheek - a promise for more later once he finishes his stream. But Schlatt is impatient, making a sound of disapproval.

“I love you, Jonathan.” Wilbur states. Schlatt makes a noncommittal hum, crossing his arms and spinning his chair back towards his computer screens.

He waits for his boyfriend to walk back into the camera frame, flashing the camera a wide grin and a knowing look in his eyes.

He sends in a single cent donation saying;

*I love you too, Wilbur.*

---

“Oh?” Austin grins widely, chuckling to himself. “Minx, looks like there’s someone else joining the livestream. I think you might know them.”

“What? Huh?” She adjusts the headphones on her head. “Who is it?”

“Give me a moment-” The host chuckles. “Schlatt, are you there?”

“Oh no, no no no-” Minx groans, slumping into her seat. “Austin, why! Why do you do this to me!”

“Hi Minx.” Schlatt laughs, watching as Austin pulls his video feed right next to Minx’s. “How are you doing on this fine day?”

“Fuck off!” She shouts.

“I’ll take that as you aren’t doing so well. What’s wrong? Is there something on your mind?” He remarks. Pulling out a cereal box, Minx’s eyes flare up and recognize it in an instant.

“Is that my fooking cereal?” Jumping out of her chair, she angrily pulls out her headphones and makes sure to mute her stream before angrily stomping out her room. Schlatt bursts into laughter as he promptly ends his video feed and hides the cereal box behind his back.

His bedroom door nearly flies off its hinges when Minx comes in. “You little rat!”

“Me?” Schlatt makes an over dramatic gasp. “You’re the one dressed like a rat!”

“Excuse you - you know what - where is my cereal?” She questions. “I can’t be gone from the stream for long, it’ll raise questions.”

“I don’t know.” He shrugs. “Why don’t you ask Niki?”

“You know damn well our girlfriend doesn’t have it.” The purple haired woman shoots back. “Come on, that was literally the last box. And I don’t feel like going outside and buying more.”

“Who says you have to go outside? Just order the damn thing!” Schlatt remarks.

Minx sighs. “But that’ll take too long!”

“It’s not my problem!”

“Where is it, you ugly looking creature!”

“Why don’t you come here and find out?”

In an instant, she’s on his lap, pale arms latching around his neck and tasting whatever he has to give. Schlatt hums in appreciation, arms wrapping around her waist and pulling her closer. Her hand slides into his hair and tugs it back roughly, making him gasp. The older woman grins, thumb running over his cheek. “Oh you poor, touch starved thing.”

“Mhm, yeah, that’s me.” Schlatt says softly.

“Why? Do you want my attention that badly that you’re willing to be a brat on stream?” She tugs his hair harder, and he groans.

“Yes, Minx, holy fucking shit yes - c’mon, end your fucking stream and put me in my place.” Schlatt begs. “I’ve been desperate for some sort of attention all day, y’know.”

“Fine.” She smirks, pulling him onto the ground. “Stay on your knees, bitch. And wait a bit longer like a good bitch.”

“Will do.” He replies. And yet, the moment she walks out the room, he gets back into his chair and waits, excitedly for what was to come.

## Chapter End Notes

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# rain

## Chapter Summary

sick!niki for cooper next chapter + poly!lunch club request after <3

slight rain (?) chapter for cooper this one as well, sorry for taking so long. lifes been - hetic, to say the very least.

+ minx was added to the last chapter!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

If you somehow hacked Wilbur Soot's discord account, the first thing that would come up is him being in a large video chat with most of the members from the Dream SMP server.

And then he would attempt to adjust his camera, making sure that the duct tape holding up the umbrella to cover the camera would hold itself if a sudden gust of wind were to suddenly appear.

George is secretly recording the romantic moment, rolling his eyes when he can hear his own boyfriends argue over which character they'll be playing in Mario Kart.

Walking backwards, Wilbur makes sure that the camera is stable before grinning at his girlfriends, the younger one in frog rain boots while the other is in black platform boots, stomping in puddles in their backyard. Schlatt has already pulled out a hose, putting it on the highest water pressure setting and spraying them with it.

The rain itself has become a drizzle, a double rainbow peeking out from behind the clouds. The sun has begun to shine over the land once more - and yet it's brightness cannot compare to the smiles Wilbur sees on his partner's faces.

“Wait wait wait - Wilbur, where's my umbrella?” Minx questions. “I'm about to do that sexy rain dance from like 2010.”

“I’m sorry?” Schlatt raises an eyebrow, putting on working gloves. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“That one famous American - how does the song go - oh!” She begins to sing off-key. “Under my umbrella - brella - brella, yeah -”

“Is that how the song goes?” Wilbur looks at her in confusion. “Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure!” Minx shouts. “When have I ever been wrong?”

“Well...there was this one time-” Schlatt begins.

“Don’t you dare finish that.” Minx cuts him off.

Wilbur wraps his arms around the purple-haired women, resting his chin on her shoulder. “Minx, come dance with me in the rain.”

“There’s barely any rain left.” She states.

“Well, we’ll make do with whatever water is falling out of the sky.” Taking her hand into his own, he places his hand onto her waist, attempting to ballroom dance with her.

Niki makes a soft, surprised sound. “I found a snail!”

With gentle fingers, she picks up the large shell, watching as the slug retreats into it. Cradling the tiny creature in her arms, she brings it over to Schlatt, who’s attempting to fix the top rail on their porch.

“Look at how tiny it is!” She giggles, and Schlatt looks at it for a moment. “I’ve named it The Rock.”

“The Rock, huh?” He picks up the small creature, observing its pure black shell. Carefully, he places it onto the floor and watches the tiny creature peak out, making sure its surroundings are safe.

And promptly crushes it.

Niki gasps, covering her mouth, tears welling up in her eyes. “You killed The Rock!”

“What?” The tallest of the four looks over at his other girlfriend, who’s about to break down into tears.

“He killed my snail!”

“Schlatt!” Wilbur scolds, going over to Niki to wrap her into a hug.

“What? It’s funny!” He shoots back. But then he hears the soft sniffles coming from his girlfriend, and guilt settles heavy into his stomach.

“Shit -” Schlatt picks up the snail. “Look! Niki! Look! It’s alive!”

“It is?” She looks at the snail for a moment, a wide grin appearing on her face. “The Rock is alive!”

“Wait, he was dead?” George says, from Wilbur’s laptop laying on the stairs. “Since when!”

## Chapter End Notes

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kudos + comments appreciated <3



## bantering

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

If there was one thing everyone could agree on, was that infamous streamer Nihachu sneezed like an adorable kitten.

And right now, she was sneezing as if there were a plethora of cats living in her house. Her nose was a Rudolph red, eyes bleary and huddled up in a pile of blankets. She hadn't eaten lunch yet, because her partners had told her beforehand that they were going to make her some simple soup.

It was already 3 in the afternoon, and yet, there was still no sign of her lunch being delivered. Niki had already finished editing her latest video, sending a quick message to her editor to check if there was anything extra that they wanted to add. Shuffling out of bed, she keeps her favorite blanket - which was stolen from Wilbur - wrapped around her small frame tightly to keep her warm.

“Are you fucking stupid?” Schlatt screams, and the sound of beans spilling onto the floor is heard.

Niki winces at the noise, peaking into the kitchen. Wilbur is covered in flour from head to toe, sticky dough coating his hands. Schlatt on the other hand is drenched in water, looking extremely agitated as he stands there with a can of beans ready to launch at any moment in his hands. Minx is holding up a recipe book and repeating the steps to the other two boys angrily. The kitchen looks like a disaster, something that would make chef Gordon Ramsey faint at the sight of.

And there's an overflowing pot on the stove that no one is paying attention to.

Niki sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose. As much as she loves her partners, they're banters do tend to get out of hand sometimes, and they don't know how to stop. She rests her blanket onto a stool next to the kitchen island, heading towards the stove so that nothing catches on fire. Schlatt decides that it's a perfect time to attack Wilbur, throwing the can right at his boyfriend.

Wilbur ducks instinctively.

The can of bean ends up lands straight into the mushy pasta, scorching hot water spraying onto her hands and arms.

Niki screams in pain, screaming out a loud ‘*FUCK!*’ as she steps away from the pot and to the kitchen sink, hissing in pain. The other three pause and watch in shock for a moment, before they spring into action - rushing over to their beloved girlfriend and making sure she’s alright.

Minx grabs “Oh god, Niki, are you alright -”

“I’m fine, Becca.” She remarks harshly. She shot the three of them a tired glare in their direction, as she lets the cold water from the pipe cool down her skin. They stood silent, helpless, looking ashamed of themselves.

“Listen, we’re going to make you soup...things just - got a bit out of hand!” Wilbur laughs nervously. “You know how we are, sometimes.”

“I know.” Niki replies, grabbing a kitchen cloth and running it underneath the cold water, letting the fabric soak it up. She rests it on her arms, sighing again. “That sometimes just seems like all the time to me now. Every single day you guys are fighting, and that hurts me so much Wil.”

“Niki, we-”

She sniffls, tears already falling down her face. “I’m so tired of seeing you guys fight. I don’t like it. You three say that you aren’t going to hurt each other when you playfight, and the moment someone crosses your personal lines accidentally you find the cruelest things to say in return.”

“Niki-” Minx has tears swelling up in her eyes as well now - she could never stop herself from crying whenever her girlfriend was too. “I’m so sorry. I should’ve stopped the situation before it had escalated into something worse.”

“No, Becca, don’t blame yourself.” Schlatt presses his palms against his watering eyes. “If anything, I keep starting the fights, and I don’t ever seem to stop them. I - I’m sorry I keep hurting you three.”

Wilbur lets out a broken sob. “I’m just really sorry too, okay? I’m supposed to be the smart one in these situations, and I keep leading you on and adding fuel to the fire and I’m just so *sorry*.”

“Don’t do that!” Minx screams. “I’m the one who can’t control my ‘fuking temper!”

“But that isn’t your fault, I just keep making you angry!” Wilbur shoots back.

“Can the both of you fucking stop? If I hadn’t kept my mouth shut none of this would’ve happened! I take my jokes too far sometimes and I act like I don’t know any better!” Schlatt rubs the tears off his face.

“Stop!” Niki screams. “Just stop! Stop blaming each other! This is all our own faults, okay?”

Silence.

“But we can work through it. Together. Just like we always do, just like we’ve always been doing. Okay?” Niki says. Wilbur nods his head in agreement, eyes downcasted as his hair falls to the front of his face, fist in his mouth to muffle his sobs. Schlatt’s looking at a random corner of the kitchen, biting his quivering lower lip. And Minx is silently crying, make-up running down her face.

The short girlfriend opens her arms out, a wide grin on her face. “Come on you three. Lets hug it out!”

Wilbur’s the first to latch onto her warm embrace, hiding his face into the crook of his neck. Minx slots onto the left side of Niki, gripping her tightly as her other hand finds Wilbur’s, intertwining their fingers. Schlatt seems internally conflicted, but Wilbur reaches out for him and pulls him right into the warm embrace of love.

They’ll figure it out. They always do.

Chapter End Notes

My grades are dead I probably won’t update anything until next week Wednesday so I

apologize deeply for letting you all down and not having energy to reply to all my comments, if I find energy I will reply to them but for right now I am so tired and I am so sorry

## End Notes

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